

don't beat all, and go outside to grind his teeth. Later, on our way back home to Long Beach my father'd say if Louise were his girl, teen-ager or not, he'd get out his belt and wallop some sense into her butt, and I knew that he would, so I never told him when Robert Wagner began peeking into my bedroom window on nights the moon was full.

DOROTHY LAMOUR AND HEDY LAMARR PUT TOGETHER

To show my Uncle Darryl what he was missing, my Aunt Essie had my mother take a picture of her wearing the hula skirt and paper leis he sent her from Hawaii where he went after World War II for 2 years to help rebuild Pearl Harbor. My Aunt Essie also wore plum-red lipstick, gardenias in her long, curly hair, and a flesh-colored halter top that made her look naked while she leaned against the oak tree in her back yard in Oroville, California. My cousin Darlene, her daughter, and I giggled when we saw the picture which stayed pasted in our family album until the '50s when my mother decided that it was nasty and they'd been silly and a little drunk on beer that day. My Aunt Bessie died young of Lou Gehrig's and just before my mother died at 66 she said she sure wished she'd kept that picture because her sister Essie was prettier than Dorothy Lamour and Hedy Lamarr put together.

DIRECT OBJECT OF THE SUBJECTIVE CASE

The old guys, and some of the young guys, too, always wanted to buy a piece of our go-go fringe or a sequin, something to remember us by, they said, sometimes even wanting to buy for twice what we paid, our dancing tights, unwashed, and once this old guy at the Shimmy Shack wanted to buy my towel I used to wipe my breasts and forehead and back with

between songs, hot from the yellow spotlights, and no air conditioning. A dollar, he offered, and I said no, knowing, no longer a Catholic, a go-go dancer going on 5 years, exactly what he wanted the towel for. Two, he said, tossing another bill on my tiptray, and I said no, and danced to the Stones' "Satisfaction." Five, he said and tossed, and I ignored him and danced to Wilson Pickett's "In The Midnight Hour." Six, seven, eight, he said, just for a keepsake, baby, something for me to wish on. But I'd read Havelock Ellis and Freud and said no. Even when he put a fifty dollar bill on my tiptray I said no, and finally he got up to go, scooped up his money and said, Hell, a skinny-assed dame like you ain't worth fifty bucks! Then he staggered away just as the two navy-blue-suited aerospace execs who'd been talking shop in front of me suddenly took an interest in me, taking me for a lady of the night and ill repute instead of a poor working girl, and eyeing up my fringe and sequins, they began tossing money on my tiptray, and while I danced to that long, long version of the Doors' "Light My Fire," I had fantastic fetishes of my own, my libidinous dream of someday going back to college, becoming an English teacher wearing alligator pumps and flower print dresses and teaching, sincerely and patiently, the direct object of the subjective case.

I NEVER WENT TO BED WITH THE FAMOUS ASTRONAUT

Although the famous astronaut cliched what's a nice girl like you doing in a dump like this, I knew he thought me a tramp just like all the other go-go girls he'd met in all the beer joints he'd been in. He told me the dirtiest jokes I'd ever heard, and kept yanking me down to whisper secrets in my ear and